

**BUSINESS AS USUAL**

"Business as usual" will win us the war. England repudiated this slogan, adopted at the outbreak of hostilities, because her prime need in 1914 was actual fighting men. Though not "contemptible," her valiant army was certainly too small for an idle threatened by possible German invasion and a land so close to the active battle line. "Business as usual" was, therefore, a tragic handicap in Britain.

On us, with industrial, commercial and agricultural enterprise as highly essential features of our campaign, the phrase must imply no stigma. Action impelled by this unromantic war cry spells American success in the struggle.

That we must intelligently husband resources of many kinds is perfectly obvious. But even the best-intentioned economy can be misdirected and futile. A sane, practical warning on this theme has been sounded by Howard E. Coffin, member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense.

"We need," he says, "prosperity in war time even more than when we are at peace. Business depressions are always bad, but doubly so when we have a fight on our hands. The declaration of war can have no real effect on business. What bad effects are apparent are purely psychological and largely of our own foolish making, for our markets are the same in April that they were in March. We need more business men, not fewer. There is real danger in hysteria. Indiscriminate economy will be ruinous. Now is the time to open the throttle."

These words lack the glamour of knight-errantry, but they are wise and pertinent. We must abandon the notion that the normal operation of trade and industry means merely ignoble dollar-chasing. It is just because we have pursued that very hunt with such vigor that our role in the world fray is of such vital importance. Panicky dislocation of normal business enterprises must not be tolerated, even though these very industries may seem to be essentially frivolous in war time.

New York's Rotary Club has declared that "if the women of the United States stop buying clothes in order to give money to any one of a hundred worthy war causes we shall very shortly have a series of failures among American merchants dealing in woman's ready-to-wear garments."

"How petty and sordid!" may cry the thoughtless but well-meaning patriot. "What has war to do with feminine luxuries?"

But the very American merchants in this line are a link in our economic structure. Their prosperity is part of the normal commercial health of the country, and prosperity is what we most need in order to play our peculiar role in the conflict to the greatest advantage. Real waste is criminal, but mistaken economy born of hysteria is its twin sister.

If we are ashamed of "Business as usual," "Business better than ever" might be a convenient substitute. We need it to put forth the full measure of our strength.

**THE GERMANS START TO ARGUE FOR MONARCHY**

FOR a number of years before the war the German press attacked the monarchy. The world had grown used to the ever-recurring news item about an editor or other publicist being sent to jail for disrespect to the Emperor, for "lese majeste."

The arguments against monarchy were not so clearly stated as an English writer could state them without fear of being hailed before a magistrate for disrespect to King George. It was possible in England for newspapers to say that it would be better for England to have no king, and that remark was sometimes made in Parliament. Members regarded it as a joke in bad taste. But German censors and judges were prone to take statements that Englishmen and Americans would consider harmless, read into them revolutionary ideas and send the speakers or writers to prison.

All this is changed. The German press has begun to argue for the monarchy in answer to President Wilson's plea for German freedom. It is not possible to believe that the German Radicals have changed their minds. There is every reason to believe that the Berlin censors dictate to the press the ideas it must express. The censor-editors have been forced by America's analysis of the situation to defend undemocratic institutions. Public opinion in Germany can no longer be expressed by the mind, but only by the stomach.

**HOME RULE? OF COURSE!**

A MEMBER of Parliament observes that a word from Mr. Wilson would give Ireland home rule. If that is so, and if Mr. Wilson wants to say the word, he can feel that approximately one hundred million persons in this country will second the motion.

Irishmen in Ireland always seem to be as much Americans as Irishmen in America seem still to be Irishmen. It is remarkable how little change, if any, takes place in them when they have immigrated; and, indeed, there is little change noticeable after a third generation of them has lived on our soil.

Americans enter the world war not to free Ireland, but taking the freeing of Ireland as a by-product of a general war against the German Empire.

**THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**

URGES FOOD BOYCOTT CAMPAIGN. Newspapermen Called Slackers—Criticism of a Critic

The editorial writer paused in the portal of the Academy of Music. Adjusting his forelock and his sack of lemon drops, he spoke as follows: "The 'Pathetic' is the 'Faginated' of symphonies. People like it because it's full of catchy tunes. It is the most egotistical music ever written. As Byronism it is worse than Byron. It is the willing of a man who thinks himself superior even in his grief."

The editorial writer is intelligent, nervous, apprehensive of musical messages. But he cannot stomach the notion of popular melody. He objects to Leoncavallo, not because he is inherently bad, but because "people like him." He objects to Tchaikovsky (at least the Tchaikovsky of the "Pathetic") because the touching, vulgar beauty of that symphony can be caught and held by the mind of the uneducated as well as the savant.

It is a little late in the day to undertake a defense of the greatest Russian composer. Rosa Newmarch, in her translations of the noble and departed Peter's letters, has accomplished much toward an understanding of him. Lawrence Gilman has done similar service in America. But the only real test is the ear drum and the corpeal. If you cannot respond to the throbbing of Tchaikovsky's music, even the poorest specimens, something is the matter with you. Either your heart or your hearing is out of order.

So much certainly was proved by yesterday's concert. It adhered to the conventions with rigidity, yet who will rise and say that it was dull or ugly or unimportant? Touched to white heat through the restless baton of Doctor Stokowski, the program glowed with loveliness, with the ardor of woe, with the ardor of that passion "whose blossom is affection," with all the tints and curves of the Slavic soul. It was not a day for a cerebrals. They were off somewhere reading the score of the Bach Chaconne, or, perhaps, pondering the correct nomenclature of the Beethoven symphonies.

George Romney thought his landscapes better than his portraits. Ernest Dowson Stokowski puts Beethoven above all others. Perhaps he is right, yet the writer, for one, would rather hear the conductor read Tchaikovsky than Beethoven. For he knows all the inner finenesses, all the sudden wildness of the composer. He can lift the "Pathetic" from the rut to which it has sunk through too copious usage into the realm of the inspired things. He understands the mental attitude of the man who could put as much art and as much sculpture dignity into the "Nutcracker" as into a planned masterpiece. The "1812" overture comes from his hands as something more than a stroke of clever mimicry.

It was this appreciation, this divining sight, that made yesterday's concert a torch of beauty, a cry of elation and sorrow and wistful, whimsical humor. Technically it left but a little wanting. But it must be recorded in justice that the brass choir of the orchestra has seldom played as badly. This was not true in the "Overture Solemn." Atonement for the fault also was offered in the precise and elegant execution of the rest of the band.

Doctor Stokowski received a wreath of his men. The orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner." These episodes were but the "consequence" of a concert that was more than a mere musical performance.

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**EFFECT OF WAR ON ENGLISH WOMEN**

They Will Soon Have the Vote, but Are No Longer Interested in It—Progress of Emancipation

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES  
Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

LONDON, April 2.

ONE of the few amusing things in England just at present is the suffrage movement, and that is amusing chiefly because it seems to have no bearing whatever on the great thing which has sobered every movement and every person in England.

The present situation in suffrage seems to be this: It has won its object and it has lost its enthusiasm. The fact that suffrage will be extended to women is known by this time wherever women are working for the vote. But in England there are small signs of rejoicing. The ancient faith has died out, somehow, and the old illusions are gone.

To the leaders who sacrificed everything for the cause this is a consummation. To the younger members of the rank and file it is a misfortune. I have no statistics and no documents to prove these observations. I merely base them on conversations and letters and the usual other sources for finding out what people are thinking which I have had in the last six months.

There were wheels within wheels in the suffrage movement. One of the inner circles was perpetually being sneered at by the others. It was too violent for some, too moderate for others. It was, on the whole, a representative body. And one of its leaders, a pleasant girl, who did not look as if she had ever led parades down Whitehall, said to me:

"All over, if the Government doesn't play up—and pay up. But we'll never have that sort of a rag again. I don't know why. Most of us haven't sobered noticeably. Some of the crowd have gone into war work. Some are pacifists, I'm sure. But the punch has gone out of it. That's the American way of putting it, isn't it? No. We had our game, and a jolly good one it was. But it's over. Sometimes I'm sorry we shall have suffrage so easily. They were such good times."

**Damning the Government**

Apparently they were. A few nights ago I was with a group of former suffragists who spent their time criticizing the present Government, the past Government and the next Government. [What they said was cut out by the censor.] And they never talked about suffrage except by way of reminiscence. Some one asked if the Vote was still being published.

"Oh, yes," one girl answered. "Mother reads it for the advertisements, swanky ones, as usual. I never read it any more. It's so badly gotten up."

Another member of the party remarked that it always had been badly gotten up.

"Yes. But I was interested in it then. Now I'm not."

Mrs. Pankhurst's name is not magical. Neither is that of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who is accused of playing the "motherhood game" too frequently. Mrs. Pankhurst is patriotic and repudiates her daughter in Australia or such followers as seem to be pacifist. The violent Britannia is published and suppressed pretty regularly. Its chief object seems to be to accuse Viscount Grey of all the diplomatic crimes in the calendar. Since he has left the Foreign Office it has been rather aimlessly in the opposition. No body can get up a decent enthusiasm. Even the report that the age limit for women would be thirty-five years caused only a ripple.

"What's the difference?" I was asked.

"Do you think we'll ever go over the same thing again? You know I went to the India House affair. Government reception, you know, and all the Cabinet Ministers were there. I was going to make a speech from the balcony and the others were to be Aquith and the rest. It didn't come off, because we missed the Ministry—but do you think I'd go it again? Not a bit."

"How on earth did you get into the India House reception, in the first place?" some one inquired.

"Fraud, my dear. They were forged." (Quite nonchalantly.) "That was part of the fun—and part of what I shouldn't do again."

**Smoking on the Street**

The feminist movement, of course, goes on. The emancipation of women is supposed to be complete now. Everybody knows about it, at any rate. Last night I was waiting for a bus at the outside of London and through the dark came a young woman, quite alone, smoking a cigarette. I was a bit startled, but the kid who was selling papers on the corner was outraged. He looked the young woman over and then inquired, "So that's your emancipation, miss, is it?"

The youngster must have felt his most cherished privileges being threatened, because in England, and particularly in the working classes, the male child has all the rights and the girls all the duties. "Give that toy to Alf, na." Don't you know he's my boy? He's got a right to have it." That is the atmosphere in which several million young men and women have been brought up. It will still take a lot of feminist work to overcome it.

If you were to ask a "foreigner" looking about him and living the ordinary middle-class life of a London journalist, he would tell you that that work has hardly begun. Several million women are at work who never used before, and there are bound to be a certain increase in independence. But a great percentage of the women who work are thoroughly uninterested in politics, social problems or anything else at all except the new spending freedom they have. Those who know the British working class assure me that for this new freedom to be translated into anything resembling woman's emancipation will take generations.

It seems to be at the extremes that the great changes have come. There is a tremendous upheaval in the upper classes which amounts not to emancipation, but to slavery, willingly taken up and heartily enjoyed. It is slavery to brutal necessities which the upper classes never acknowledged before. It is the influx of new thoughts about such simple things as death and potatoes. And at the very other end of the scale there is a revolution. It comes about from purely economic reasons: the separation allowance and the absence of Friend Husband. Women who have only worked occasionally and have depended on their husbands' wages are now in possession of an allowance running to more than twenty shillings a week, if they have children, and their husbands frequently earned only about that much. They add to it by going out to work by the day, because they do not have to be too proud or too particular about having dinner ready. And they have found out that husbands are a nuisance, totally unnecessary as providers, cantankerous and given to wasting money at the "pubs." They are having a tolerably pleasant time and, although they profess themselves eager for the time when Bill and Bert get back, there will be a touch of regret for the days when they were really independent.

But no one expects a revolution from the women of the Home of Commons.

**Tom Daly's Column**

AN APRIL RAIN  
There's something in an April rain  
That makes the air more sweet and clean,  
That paints the earth a deeper green—  
The tears that fall are not in vain.

The fresh wet winds that kiss your face  
Seem like the fragrant breath of spring  
From meadows where the skylarks sing—  
Some lovely, sheltered, peaceful place.

The tears I weep because we part  
Have washed away my grief and pain:  
It seems as if an April rain  
Were falling on my aching heart.

A gentle, soothing April rain  
That keeps my soul still fresh and clean;  
That keeps my love still young and green—  
The tears that fall are not in vain.

—VARLEY.

**Hist! The Copy Cop**

I regret to report that while browsing through the pages of the Houston Post I detected John L. Wortham & Son, "who wrote the bonds for the Federal Land Bank," trying to do business across three columns with this sort of talk:

It is well known the care exercised in placing business for the Federal Government, and the fact that this business was awarded this firm is convincing evidence of their facilities and ability to properly handle any business entrusted to their care. Will you need a bond of any character call them.

Suggest you send wire warning not to offend again.

HIST.

**The Involuntary Volunteer**

The barber man in Olean  
Received me with a bow.  
I took the chair, said, "Cut my hair,"  
And carefully told him how.

I couldn't keep from slumber deep,  
But while I snored away  
This barber lean, with weapons keen,  
Divested me of hay.

But when I woke, oh! holy smoke!  
The picture tells the tale.  
I knocked him where he put my hair,  
And now I'm out on bail.

I cannot call on folks at all;  
My customers would bar me.  
So something new I've got to do—  
I guess I'll join the army.

E. V. W.

**HELPFUL HINTS FOR FOREIGNERS**

A man is not a pig because his clothes are on the top.

A dog was never known to press his pants.

A navigator doesn't get his bark from off his lip.

And a gambler may be quite unused to chants.

You never say a rope receives instruction when it's taut.

A water isn't food because he's fed.

If a drummer beats his drum it doesn't mean that they have fought.

To fast refers to starving, not to speed.

A man is not untruthful just because he lies in bed.

A minor may be fifty years of age.

A prohibition advocate, when on his tier, is dead.

And a wise man needs no herbs to make him sage.

A merchant doesn't need a mast because he makes a sale.

A brewer doesn't suffer with his brews.

How strange they say, "They can't be beat" when eggs are very stale.

Do you need a hammer when you break the news?

A two-cent piece is like a half-cooked stake because it's rare.

A wheel that's good and tired is at its best.

A blond may lie and cheat and steal, but still they say she's fair.

We get tired of things with which we have to wrest.

On Monday mother doesn't need a bell to wring the clothes,  
Nor a wringer if she weeps and wrings her hands.

She isn't made of rubber, but I saw her rub her nose.

There are no trombones in the collar bands.

P. NUT.

**OUR PRESIDENT, bless him!** has always been strong for the open-air stuff, and now he insists on a draft.

It's of England Judd Lewis is writing and sez he:  
We may have jeered at her before,  
But now she goes on the way  
And calmly she goes on the way  
That she has some sense yesterday:  
Today's task is to fight and win,  
And the Canadians go to the front,  
And the Australians, where the brunt  
Of battle falls are in the van;  
And Tommy's there, the fighting man!  
To which let us add in our broken English:  
But warum haat du nicht ein place  
Fuer Cellitocher—der fighting race?  
How many tausend, lieber Judd,  
Jetzt spill like wein das guets blood?

We were boasting to George Barton about a bit of writing we did some years ago, and we remarked that we worked late on it and lost considerable sleep. "Well," said George, "your loss was your readers' gain."

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QUIZ

1. Will marriage exempt a man from being drafted into the army under the proposed conscription law?
2. The battle of Trafalgar by some is considered the greatest naval engagement in history. Who won it and when and where was it fought?
3. Who wrote the "Leatherstocking" Tales and what are they?
4. About what is the length of the Panama Canal?
5. What United States Senator is blind?
6. What is a scholarship?
7. What men are called "bluejackets"?
8. Where is Cornell University?
9. What nation has the tricolor as its flag?
10. Name the capital of the Philippines.

**Answers to Yesterday's Quiz**

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2. An Egyptian army, pursuing the fugitive Israelites, was drowned in the Red Sea, and the sea is the "Red Sea" story.
3. Hamburg and Bremen are Germany's chief seaports.
4. Albany is the capital of New York.
5. "G. A. R." is the abbreviation of Grand Army of the Republic.
6. The meter is a Russian unit of measure equal to about two-thirds of a mile.
7. Normally, the United States produces more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat annually.
8. French Guiana is a colony on the northeast coast of South America. Its capital is Cayenne.
9. Senators William J. Stone and James A. McPherson were the Persian king who invaded Greece and was defeated at Salamis 480 B. C. The name is pronounced "serk-sees."
10. "Respectfully"

C. N. J.—"Respectfully yours" at the close of a letter is incorrect. "Respectfully yours" is correct. When one is in doubt as to whether to use "respectfully" or "truly," it is a good rule to use "respectfully."

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**U. S. Army Service**

H. C. R.—The regular army reserve is made up of two classes of enlisted men: (1) Those who have served three years of their enlistment contract, which calls for an additional four years in the reserve, or (2) those having served one year honorably and having given proof of adequate training may be furloughed to the reserve. The reserve is subject to call.

**Near-Sighted Soldier**

F. P. J.—(a) Able-bodied but near-sighted men may enlist in the United States army for such duties as hospital work. It is impossible to say whether or not a man will be until he has been examined by the medical examiner. (b) There is scarcely any difference between the requirements in the British and United States armies.

**Cold Easter**

F. B. S.—If Easter Sunday invariably is very cold it is nothing more than a coincidence. The wide range of dates upon which Easter falls precludes any meteorological rule for the temperature upon that day.

**Spanish**

L. E. W.—La casa is the Spanish for the house. It is pronounced "lah kah-sah." A person who understands Spanish can understand the Mexican language, but not vice versa.



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